

Mister Glassman by clothinghanger

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Childhood Trauma, Everyone is Alive Except Georgie Denbrough, Friendship, Hurt/Comfort, Losers Club (IT) Friendship, Minor Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Minor Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Panic Attacks, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Prom, Sad with a Happy Ending, Songfic, Sorry Not Sorry, Stamley Uris Has OCD, Stamley Uris Needs a Hug, Teenage Losers Club (IT), Teenagers

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stamley Uris

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Summary:

Stamley is glass. You never notice glass unless it's broken.

OR

Stamley struggles with PTSD after Neibolt, and the losers might be able to help him if they stop being dumb.

Based on the song Mister Glassman by Scotty Sire

Mister Glassman

Author's Note:

This work involves PTSD and anxiety, so heads up if you're sensitive to that.

This is also my first work, so let me know your thoughts!

Stan hastily, yet neatly, scribbled down his notes on his teacher's ramblings about prose and verse. His eyes quickly darted back and forth from his notebook to the board, until something started to shift. Stan's eyes fixed on his English teacher, on her straight black hair, on how that hair contrasted with her pale skin, and on how she was talking about Shakespeare at a rate that could even impress Eddie. Her face gradually started to morph as the lights in his world started to dim. He wished that he could've forgotten all of these years ago, but his wishes had never come true. His body froze, leaving him vulnerable to be enveloped in the fear of the world under Neibolt once again. All he could hear was soft flute music ringing in his ears, and all he could see was the woman with a contorted face, cowering over him, as he stood alone in those sewers. The three lights in the back of It's throat seemed to shine so alluringly as dozens of teeth embedded themselves in his face. He felt warm tears and blood running like rivers down his neck, as his own screams echoed in the tunnels. At that moment, he was certain that he was going to die.

The shrill ringing of the school bell jolted Stan out of his own brain, throwing him out onto the curb and slamming the door behind him. He frantically looked down at his paper and saw that he had missed the last twenty minutes of the teacher's lecture. As his sullen eyes searched the room, he landed upon Bill Denbrough, his beacon of hope. Bill was the only other loser that shared his first period English class, but he was already making his way out the door, so Stan swiftly grabbed his things and walked out of the classroom after him.

"Bill."

“Hey, Stan,” Bill slowed his steps and turned to face him.

“Can I borrow your notes from last class? I lost focus about halfway though her incoherent rambling.”

Bill softly chuckled, “Sure, b-but I need it for next period. Can I come b-by yours after school?”

“Sounds great, thanks, Bill.” Stan stopped at the hallway’s intersection.

“See you later,” Bill turned and waved with a smile before scurrying off to Biology.

*Let's paint a picture: you're in class
The teacher writes the notes too fast
And there's a boy who sits in back
Who's too afraid to raise his hand
And ask if she can slow it down
So nervously he looks around
Can't bare to stand out in the crowd
And he's only gotten half the notes now*

Stan sat on the edge of his bed and stared blankly at his room, which was small but comfortingly neat, with blues and grays running through it. The old wooden desk in the corner was only adorned with a lamp and a pencil holder, and his small bookshelf was placed purposefully right beside his twin sized bed, as to double as a night stand. The only things that showed any semblance of his personality were the books on the bookshelf, the lone poster on the wall, and the Star of David shaped sun catcher hanging in his bedroom window. Blue light was being cast from the swaying sun catcher to the adjacent wall, but Stan focused his eyes on the poster instead. This poster showed Maine’s state bird, the black-capped chickadee (a dark

headed bird notorious for being tiny, talkative, and energetic), perched on a branch.

'Richie would love it,' Stan thought to himself.

Stan laid back in his bed and thought back to what he had seen that morning. He had always told himself that it wasn't real, but that wasn't very comforting considering that was what he had said when It had first appeared, and he has the scars to prove himself wrong. His finger traced the scars around his jaw and tears slowly started well up in his eyes. Sometimes, he could still feel the pain, as if It had never really left, and was instead tormenting him just a little less at a time. He can never quite decide if he's lost his mind, or just a little too sane. The walls that Stan had taken years painstakingly building up around himself had started to crumble, and it was only getting harder and harder to patch up the holes.

*The school bell rings, and he feels deflated
He looks at his hand, he should've raised it
His biggest fear, he should've faced it
And now he's lost inside the pages
He might be there but you'd never notice
Got a lot to say, but he's soft-spoken
He's a book that just isn't open
A tiny ripple in a stormy ocean*

A knock on the front door awoke Stan, but he had no motivation to answer it. Falling asleep during the day was very unusual for him, especially because he was still fully dressed and his legs were hanging half off of the bed. The time on his watch read half-past four, so it was too early to be one of his parents, and he decided to ignore the noise. Still, ignoring the visitor was getting increasingly difficult, as the knocks were getting increasingly loud and persistent. Around

the eighth round of knocks, Stan gave in and went downstairs to open the door.

“Hi,” Bill greeted him, English notes in hand.

Shit. How had he forgotten that Bill was coming over to share his notes? He had asked Bill a favor, made him wait outside, and probably looked like a mess on top of all that.

“Hi, Bill. I so sorry, I forgot that you were going to come over,” Stan moved out of the way to invite him in.

Bill stepped in and took his shoes off on the doormat. He had been to Stan’s house so many times that he knew the house rules by heart.

“Oh, it’s okay,” Bill set his notes on the coffee table and sat on the couch next to Stan, “I don’t have any problem w-waiting a couple of minutes to spend time w-with you.”

Stan was copying Bill’s notes into his own notebook when he noticed that Bill was looking at him. Stan could feel himself crumbling under the weight of Bill’s eyes. Just as Stan was about to speak, Bill beat him to it.

“Are you okay?”

Stan kept his eyes down and continued writing his notes, “What do you mean?”

“You seemed kind of upset w-w-when I got here.”

Stan’s pen stopped abruptly on his page, but he kept his eyes trained. “I’m fine,” he sighed before quickly jotting down the remainder of the notes, “Thanks for coming over.”

Bill flinched but caught his notebook being pressed against his chest, “Oh, uh, no p-problem.”

Stan stood up to signal the end of the conversation, and walked towards the stairs. He stopped at the edge of the staircase, turned towards Bill, and flashed his best artificial smile, “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Yeah, tomorrow.”

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading!